

So Cold

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Summary: When Berk is targeted by swarms of undead, Hanson Harrison Haddock III becomes separated from his parents and his beloved puppy, Toothless. On the run with his life on the line, Hanson finds himself thrown together with a group of allies whom he would never have expected. Will Hanson and his new friends survive this catastrophe? Will he find his parents and Toothless? Modern Day.

1. Another Typical Day In Berk

So, this is one of the stories I began writing during my student teaching experience. Both are still works-in-progress, but I wanted to at least get this one out there. I'm planning for this to be a longer story that may even be broken into several parts. I've written down a few chapters, but, as I said, still working on this one. I also have been greatly influenced by movies, songs, and settings. I'll post the list of inspirations once this story has concluded. Please enjoy yet another zombie story, but this one for the How To Train Your Dragon verse.

Almost forgot, I am going under the assumption that Hiccup is 13 in this fic. The others are the same age except Snotlout (he's 14â€"that will be explained later). Appearance-wise, Hiccup looks like he does at the start of the film (meaning, two real feet), but with more modern clothing. Hope this helps for visualizing.

* * *

><p>Chapter 1: Another Typical Day In Berk

"_It's the end of the world as we know it_

And I feel fine.

â€"R.E.M, "It's the End of the World As We Know It"_{

â€|

The day was normal, giving no indication of the horror, the tragedy, and the sorrow that would soon befall the small city of Berk. It was just another calm day in late October, a little chilly, but nothing out of the ordinary.

A shrill alarm clock tone rang through the room, breaking the peace of the calm morning. Hitting the switch on the clock, the tone ceased and the boy rolled over, trying to catch just a few more minutes of sleep. No such luck, though, as his "snooze button" activated. The cold, rough tongue of his black lab puppy, Toothless, scratched its way across his face. Pushing the puppy away and burying his face under the blanket, he tried again. Unsatisfied, the puppy began to yap.

"Hanson!" came the voice from downstairs.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming," said boy muttered, pulling the covers back and bracing himself for the cool morning air. Yawning, he shivered slightly. From the floor, Toothless stared up, his yellow-green eyes so cat-like. "I really don't like you right now," Hanson told the puppy, pointing at him. Toothless, distracted by the finger directed at him, just wagged his tail happily in reply.

Changing quickly, Hanson walked briskly down the stairs to join his family for breakfast. Toothless bounded down the stairs after him.

The boy made to sit down, but was immediately halted by his mother. "Ah-ah!" she scolded, pointing down at the wiggling little Toothless. Sighing slightly, Hanson started for the backdoor. As he walked, he gave a short whistle, calling the puppy's attention.

Once the puppy had bounded out into the backyard, Hanson shut the door. He never worried too much. Toothless was a good puppy and, just in case he happened to slip up, the family had installed an underground electric fence out back to separate the backyard from the forest. Not that Hanson hadn't snuck out with Toothless to the forest several times. They'd even discovered a beautiful hidden cove.

Each morning, Hanson's one task was to let Toothless out to relieve himself. Later, after Hanson boarded the bus for school, one of his parents would let Toothless back inside.

"I don't know why I have to remind you every day to let Toothless out, Hanson," his mother chastised as he sat down for breakfast.

The boy gave no reply. As he ate his breakfast, Hanson tuned in to listen to the news coming from the living room nearby. It was a Friday, so the newscasters were reviewing the new television show episodes from the week. Much of the discussion was based on "Vikings", "The Walking Dead," and "Revolution." Hanson did not often tune into such shows, but he knew that his father enjoyed watching them.

Finishing his breakfast, Hanson deposited his dishes into the sink and grabbed his coat. It was only 6:30 and his middle school bus arrived at 6:45. However, he had to walk to reach his bus stop. His family lived in a small log cabin at the top of a small hill. The bus

did not trek up the private drive, so Hanson had to take the walk down to the main road. Some would hate walking the 10-minute walk, but Hanson enjoyed it. It was heck of a lot nicer than being on that school bus; that was for sure. Even when the weather turned colder, he would rather freeze than spend time on that bus. He couldn't wait until he could drive to school. He may actually be able to sleep in a bit laterâ€œ if Toothless would allow.

The walk downhill this morning was pleasant. It was not overly cool and the leaves had begun to turn. Soon enough it would be snowing. Because he lived on top of the hill, there were some days when it would snow at his house, but nowhere else in the city. Winter in Berk always seemed to last much longer than any other season.

Though he walked as slowly as possible, it was not nearly slow enough. Hanson didn't really mind school (he was ignored most of the time anyway); it was just the bus ride that he disliked. Sighing slightly, he noticed the bus on its way down the road. The next stop would be for him. As the bus approached, its yellow lights blinked, successfully slowing traffic to a halt. Hanson did not have to cross the road to board the bus, so he slowly entered the bus and made his way to the back.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Hiccup the Useless," came the taunting voice of his cousin. Why did he have to live close enough to be on the same bus? As if Hanson didn't see him enough already. This was the prime example as to why he hated riding the bus.

Once Hanson was seated, the bus lurched forward, continuing its journey closer to the middle school. Sneaking a peak at his cousin, Hanson was slightly relieved to see that he had diverted his taunts to a heavy-set boy seated toward the front. Sure he felt sorry for the boy, Franklin, but he was glad to be left alone.

Yep, it was just another typical day in Berkâ€œ or so he thought. Somewhere on the other side of town, near the border with the city of Raven Pointe, a glass, half full of water, slipped to the floor, shattering on impact and splattering water everywhere.

* * *

><p>Soâ€œ there we have it. Chapter 1, just a chapter to set everything up, but I guarantee that it will start to pick up. Yeah, I prefer to change Toothless into a cat for modern-day stories, but it works better if he's a puppy this time. As for future chapters, looks like I have chapter two finished and I was working on writing chapter three, but I'm thinking that's just about done. Well, if this was enjoyable, I will post up chapter two soon. Thanks for reading!

2. Disruption At The Forge

First, I am sorry for not updating in forever. I intended to and then I lost the handwritten chapters that I had started. Well, I found them. Anyway, I can tell you that I have some big plans for this story and it's going to be fairly long. I won't guess just how long, but I hope that I didn't lose anyone with this wait.

Here's chapter two. The story's going to start getting good now!

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Disruption At The Forge

"_An apocalyptic plight_

More destruction will unfold.

Mother Earth will show her darker side

And take her toll.

Disturbed, "Another Way To Die"

—••—

The day, for Hanson, slipped by like molasses. One plus side, though, was that he could slip through the halls unnoticed by many of his fellow classmates. Oh the perks of being a loner in a school population as large as the one at Berk Middle School.

Once the final bell had rung, Hanson grabbed what he would need and bolted out of the school. He was on a very tight schedule and could not afford to miss the next public bus en route to the edge of town. After school, Hanson spent several hours worked as an apprentice at Gobber's Metalworks. The burly "blacksmith" (as he called himself) was actually a good friend of Hanson's father and he had been more than happy to "take the boy under his wing and show 'im the ropes." Though he was small and scrawny, Hanson actually looked forward to his apprenticeship. It sure beat the morning bus ride and long hours of the school day.

Luckily, Hanson made it to the bus stop just as the bus arrived. As he boarded, Hanson flashed his daily bus pass to the driver. The bus would take Hanson to the vicinity of the metal shop which was located near the Berk/Raven Pointe towns' boundary lines. When he arrived, Hanson would grab a quick dinner before beginning his apprenticeship at 5PM. Today, upon arrival, he chose to stop at a Subway and grab a quick sandwich.

After his quick dinner, Hanson walked over to "the forge". "Gobber" was really old-fashioned in the way he ran his small business. He would only take on enough jobs that could be managed weekly by himself or between himself and his apprentice. If, on rare occasions, the number of jobs outweighed the work ability of the blacksmith and his apprentice, Gobber would still take the job and he would set accurate deadlines for the completion of the project. Hanson admired his accuracy. Gobber was so adept at setting these deadlines that he made it a part of his guarantee. If the work was not completed by the deadline, then the job was free. There were only a few times that Hanson had ever witnessed this and those times had occurred toward the start of his apprenticeship when he was just starting to work on the tasks alongside the blacksmith.

Arriving, Hanson automatically removed his coat and hung it up, grabbing one of the heavy leather aprons hanging there. Once he had securely tied on the apron, Hanson entered the main room to grab the

gloves and goggles that completed his safety gear. Gobber took safety very seriously. This was the first lesson Hanson learned at the start of his apprenticeship. The one day that he forgot to wear gloves, Gobber gave him a 30-minute lecture on safety. He even pulled out these pictures with this "Carol" person on them. After that 30-minute guilt trip, it was easy to see why Hanson never again forgot to pick up his safety gear.

Hanson's first stop was to his small office. On his desk, he kept two boxes, an inbox and an outbox. These boxes were used for the placement of jobs. While Hanson was out, Gobber would divide the jobs between the two of them. He then put Hanson's assignments into the boy's inbox. When Hanson finished a job, he would put a message in his outbox and, once Gobber received the message, he would move the completed work of metal to the organized storage room.

Quickly, Hanson grabbed the new Work Request Slips and took them out to the main room. Adding them onto the magnetic strip with the others, Hanson was finally ready to begin.

The apprenticeship was usually fairly uneventful as both blacksmith and blacksmith-in-training worked on their projects. Roughly halfway through the night, Gobber declared a 15-minute break. This was a nightly occurrence.

This break was more than just a brief pause in work. It was the time for Hanson and Gobber to converse. Because Gobber and Hanson's father were best friends, the boy had grown up knowing the blacksmith well.

As the fifteen minutes drew to an end, the two heard a strange sound in the distance. It sounded like clanking chains.

"You didn't leave anything in the flames, di you, Hiccup?" The boy shook his head in response. "Didn't think so, but I had to check."

The sound continued, growing steadily louder. "I'm going to go see what's going on. Hold down the fort, Hiccup. You know what to do."

Hanson returned to his work as Gobber headed out. Not long after he left, the loud chime sounded, alerting the presence of a customer. Pushing a nearby button, Hanson connected the intercom and let the person know that someone would be right with them.

Gobber's policy was to never leave a customer to wait longer than 5 minutes, if possible, so Hanson made sure that he could safely walk away and approached the order window. Sliding it open, the boy grabbed a pad of Work Request Slips, but they slid out of his hands when he saw who was there. "Dad!"

The large man seemed to be in a great rush. Something was definitely amiss. As the CEO of a large business corporation serving the Berk/Raven Pointe area, Mr. Haddock often worked late into the night, picking up his son on the way home.

"Never one to just sit around and wait for answers, Hanson asked his father, "W-What are you doing here?"

"I am here to pick you up. Now, come on, Hanson!"

This should have been the boy's first clue that this was an urgent and important matter. The nickname "Hiccup" (which he so despised but could tolerate) had originated between the boy's father and Gobber. It was not long before the name stuck. Even his god-forsaken cousin, Samuel, had caught onto it.

"Dad, you're really early andâ€|Gobber's not here. I can't just leaâ€|"

"Gobber is not going to care! Now, get out here or I will come back there and drag you out!"

Hanson back up slightly, knowing that his father was not messing around. Hanson's father was at least three times larger than his son. "Uhâ€|I'll be right out then." Sliding the window shut, Hanson checked the flames to be sure that no metal lingered before, with great effort, shutting the cast iron door of the heating stove. Satisfied, he removed his apron and placed it on the worktable on his way out. He knew that Gobber would not like this, but he wouldn't exactly be happy that his apprentice was leaving two hours early either.

Before he had even entered the main lobby, Hanson was again stopped by his father. "Take one of those weapons, boy!"

Said weapons were part of a set that Hanson and Gobber had made for an assignment; the customer was to pick them up tomorrow. Knowing the, Hanson hesitated. Seeing his son's hesitation, Stanton Haddock told him, "Trust me, Gobber will understand. Just grab a weapon."

Hanson knew better than to argue with his father. Running back into the workroom, he quickly assessed the cache of weapons. Which one would be the least likely to appear missed? He finally chose a small dagger and leather holder. This weapon was one that he himself had made; he was rather proud of it.

Decision made, Hanson again joined his father. Taking a look at the small dagger, Mr. Haddock simply said, "I would'a gone for the hammer." An awkward silence fell between them. Hanson looked down at the sheathed dagger in his hand. Suddenly, as if realization had just hit, Hanson's father grabbed his son's small arm in his large hand. "No matter! Come on, we need to leave now!"

Hanson had no choice but to follow as he was pulled along toward the front door. "Shouldn't I change the sign from 'open' to 'closed'?" the boy wondered. **_No reply, how typical!_** "Dad, I don't thinkâ€"" His words halted abruptly along with his body as his father stopped and released his hand from the boy's arm.

Good think he had not finished his thought because now he understood. "What the-?"

* * *

><p>Not wasting time with backstory. It's time to get right to the action. I don't really have much else to say because I think the chapter speaks for itself. I know that I shouldn't have left you

all waiting for this update, but hopefully they'll be faster now. Also, I hope that this chapter makes up for the wait. The next chapter will definitely be good. Trust me, you don't want to miss it! Until next timeâ€|

"**_Consequences we cannot deny_**

Will be revealed in timeâ€|"

-Disturbed, "Another Way To Die"

Posted: September 11, 2013

3. Undead Armies Invade Berk

**Gods, it sure has been forever! Two and a half years? Really? I'm sorry that I kinda forgot about this storyâ€|which is a shame because I was so excited for it when I began writing it. I'm not giving up on, though. Just have to figure out all that I'd had planned for the plot. That's all. **

Also, the title of this story has been changed. I may have said before that I wasn't sure about the earlier title. Well, I finally figured out what I wanted to call itâ€|thanks to the song by Breaking Benjamin which I was listening to when I realized that it was a good description for this story.

Hope everyone enjoys the chapter!

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: Undead Armies Invade Berk

"What is that?" Hanson was unsure if he actually expected an answer.

"Nobody knows. Some are calling them 'the undead'."

Hanson could not believe what he was hearing. "Undead? Like zombies?"

"Not now, Hanson!" his father scolded. "We need to get to the SUV!"

As if on cue, a scream echoed through the night's cool air. Stanton looked over to where he had parked his vehicle and was met with a horrifying sight. The swarm of creatures was attacking the SUV where Valerie Haddock, Hanson's mother, was located.

Stanton knew that his son was not one to fight. He also knew that if Hanson stayed here, the boy would have no other option. "Hanson, go back through the building and out the back door. Go back to the house and stay with Toothless. You'll be safe there. We'll be there soon."

No one had to tell Hanson twice. He was scared out of his wits. In record time, he made it through the building and out the emergency door. The blaring of the alarm did not startle Hanson; this definitely qualified as an emergency in his book.

The bus stop was nearby. He just had to make it to the locationâ€|or so he thought. He had never been so anxious about waiting for a public bus, but today was no average day. What were those creepy creatures? Were there any nearby? Where did they come from? Were his parents okay? So many questions nagged at his mind and he had answers to none of them. It was all very unsettling.

In the distance, a bus quickly approached, heading for Berk. Hanson could not read the sign on the bus until it was passing the stop. "Not in Service. Great," he muttered to himself.

It was not long before another bus quickly approached. Hanson had just pulled out his bus card when it had already passed him. "Come on!" the boy moaned in desperation.

A short ways away sat a taxi that was preparing to leave. Seeing this, Hanson bolted to the vehicle. "Hey, wait!"

The driver rolled down the window. "You need something, kid?"

"I need to get home! Please, I'll give you all my pocket change!" Hanson exclaimed, showing forth a fistful of change.

Hanson could see the driver contemplating and weighing the options. Finally, he came to a decision. "Put away that change and get in." Relieved, Hanson pocketed the coins and got into the backseat of the taxi.

"Where do you need to go, kid?" the driver asked, making eye contact through the rearview mirror.

"Back to my home in Berk," the boy replied, clearly stating his address.

The taxi driver wasted no time, heading off in the direction of the destination.

It was a silent car ride and Hanson allowed his mind to wander. What were his options? Of those possible options, which were his best? He had often been praised for being smart, but he did not work well under pressure. Hanson could not even count how many times he had given wrong answers for questions he knew the answer to just due to this pressure. This was also the reasoning behind his lack of a girlfriend. Being attractive was not the issue; the issue was just talking to pretty girls, especially the Hofferson twins, easily the most attractive pair of twins in the whole middle school. They were probably even the most attractive pair of twins in the whole school district. In his head, he could just picture them, Ashley and Astrid.

"Kid!" His thoughts and visions were abruptly halted by the driver's voice. It was apparent that this was not the first time he had tried to get Hanson's attention.

"Yeah?"

"This is as close as I can get ya," he informed the boy, gesturing to the scene unfolding out the front windshield.

Up ahead was a mass of those creatures. "Them again? How the heck did they get here so fast?" Hanson wondered out loud.

"God only knows, kid," the driver spoke up in reply. "Now I want you to get out and run. I'll distract them. I really do hope that all works out for you."

At first, Hanson sat rooted to his seat. He had not considered the possibility that he would not make it back safely to his home. Now what was he going to do? It was only at the driver's persistent "Kid!" that he unbuckled his seatbelt and left the car. As soon as the door was shut once again, Hanson watched the taxi barrel head-on toward the hoard of heathens, never to be seen again.

While the creatures were distracted, Hanson quickly got his bearings. He was near to the Berk Schools Complex.

**Well, guess I'll just have to go back to the school.** Because it was late October, there should be sports conditioning. _**It isn't that late yet tonight. Don't the basketball teams have conditioning?**_ Lauren Hofferson, a junior and older sister of Astrid and Ashley was the star player. _**There's my thoughts wandering to the Hofferson twins again. Come on, Hanson! Focus!**_

Quickly, Hanson made it to the school complex and headed for the high school. If he hadn't just run the whole distance to the complex, he would've headed up the hill to his middle school, but the high school was closer and time was of the essence.

Approaching the high school, he noticed the absence of sound. Usually the school marching band would be practicing, showering nearby Berk with glorious music (and the constant overly-loud tapping of the metronome).

Finding the main door, Hanson ran to it. Out of his peripherals, Hanson saw an approaching army of undead. _**Ohâ€|great. Please be open, door, please be openâ€|**_ He grabbed the handle and tugged. The door didn't budge. _**Come on!**_

Behind him, the army had used this moment to their advantage and continued their advance. There was nowhere else to run. Was this the end of the line for Hanson?

* * *

><p>Well, turns out this is five words short of my minimum limit, butâ€|it's a pretty awesome cliffhanger, so I guess it'll do. It's close enough anyway.

I have to look back through my notes and see if I have the entire of chapter four written up yet. If not, I'll get to handwriting it. If it's not finished, I'm pretty sure it's almost completed.

Thank you all for reading and supporting So Cold!

Posted: December 31, 2015

End

file.